Fisting

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Fisting

by occasional_boy_reporter

Summary

Fisting... but make it romantic

Notes

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I can't believe romantic fisting isn't a tag??

"How's that?" Osiris asks when his pinky joins three other fingers flattened against slick, inner walls.

Saint only keens- massive frame bowing off the bed as the Exo arches his back and grinds his hips down to try and take more of the scooping, twisting, teasingly tapping fingers inside. He tugs at the bands of Light keeping his great fists anchored to the wall above his head.

"Ah, ah," Osiris tuts in admonishment. He withdraws his hand completely, pulling a high whine from his partner not unlike the trill of a violin string about to snap. Then he scales the curved mountain of Exo body until he can sit, gloriously naked, atop a metal chest and slowly force Saint flat against the bed once more. "Like this or we'll stop. Remember? I can't give you what you want if you've broken my wrist."

"Osiris, please! My heart is so full but my body is so empty. I'll implode!"

Osiris chuckles and pats a sticky hand against Saint's round cheek. "You're too frenzied, my love. It is unlikely you will implode. That would be quite the anomaly."

Nevertheless, Osiris does pour more lubricant onto his hand and works it down to the wrist in both torturous and blessed preparation.

"Someday," Saint pants as he flexes his hands from his dutifully horizontal position, "the tables will be turned and you will know how I suffer."

Osiris huffs with a doubtful quirk of his lips and doesn't even grant Saint the illusion of a cheeky 'Someday'. Instead, he shifts back toward Saint's knees, bare thighs flexing and rigid cock swaying in maddening display that almost has Saint breaking his bonds in order to touch. "Why would I ever ask when it's you who so clearly needs this?"

Four fingers and a thumb slip past the Exo's loose and sloppy rim and Saint let's his overwhelming gratitude explode in a stream of incoherent half words. Osiris rotates his fist back and forth, tripping all the sensors lining soft, hot mesh and then unfurls his fingers slowly, seeking any part that has not been tenderly molested and any corner of Saint's mind that hasn't already been wiped to pleasure.

The Titan babbles between soft gasps and long moans and Osiris barely makes out the dreamy words "Someday. Someday."

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"Get on with it! Just because we are immortal does not mean my patience is infinite!"

Saint laughs, full and joyous, as he lets more lubricant drip down his fingers to collect around the gently stretched ring of flesh.

"Now you feel what I feel. Once you have tasted a few fingers, you are insatiable without the whole hand, yes?"

"Hurry up!" Osiris might be growling rude commands into the pillow beneath him but his burning ears remind Saint who is in control.

Someday has come.

"Ah but your body is not like Exo body," Saint coos as he dips two, then three, then two fingers again in soft rhythm. "You are sensitive and most fragile here. And my hands are large."

Osiris shudders and rises a little higher on his knees.

Saint cannot resist leaning forward to lord his, very temporary, power over his incredibly willful partner. "But you want it very badly and that does help, doesn't it, my dove?"

Osiris grits his teeth through a fourth finger and chokes on a moan when strong Exo digits flex to leave a gaping space between. They have taken their time but Osiris is still human and Saint is…well, still Saint. A metal thumb tucks closer to palm and slips inside the gap made by other fingers, flesh closes tightly around him the moment Saint relaxes his hand. The sound Osiris makes will live in Saint's memory banks through many lifetimes. More lubricant is poured over the backs of metal fingers that flutter to allow the substance between the cracks.

"Enough of that!" Osiris snaps with a hitching breath.

But Saint checks the pained glaze of his partner's eyes and knows they are not ready to move on. "A little more. I still do not fit safely."

"Saint…" The barely there breath of his name is a thrilling jolt before Osiris turns back into his pillow and mumbles- as if not quite wanting to be heard, "Saint, please. I'm... going to implode."

Saint-14 braces an arm close to Osiris until the man reaches out shakily and threads their hands, he blankets the human body beneath him in the gentle cage of a metal frame and nuzzles at the curve of a flaming neck. Osiris gasps when Saint's hand twists and pushes slow and deep, knuckles finally stretching flesh to its limits. "Whatever you need. I am right here."

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